

MY PROSTATE IS BIGGER THAN YOURS

I'd just seen Clint Eastwood
do his ruthless-and-irresistible act
in "Dirty Harry"
and I was fantasizing myself into
the part when it came to me that
among other things
my name was all wrong.

Ronnie.
Dirty Ronnie.

A woman would have to be kinky indeed
to go for somebody who was merely
icky.

And criminals. Why would they surrender
to a detective who was just grimy?
Unless of course he smelled. too.

Smelly Ronnie.
Dirty Smelly Ronnie.

"Don't come any closer. Dirty Smelly
Ronnie. I give up. Honest."
"God, it's Dirty Smelly Ronnie. Christ.
I can't breathe. Tear gas is like a Malibu
breeze compared to this. Put me in
solitary for life. burn me in the electric
chair. just get him out of here!"

Gee, it sounded like a great film: me
driving the black-and-white through
the toughest streets in L.A., my sidekick
an eager kid right out of the Academy
wearing his gas mask.

Then the t.v. series. lunch with Brando.
Oscars. Emmys. my crummy handprints in front
of Grauman's. top grossing star in Europe. Asia.
the moon.

Clint Eastwood. your ass is grass!